

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

NO. 42.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:26 P. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
8:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
12:30 A. M. Daily.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:53 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 6:45 12:10
From the South. 6:15 4:38

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 8:15 12:25
South. 6:15 5:25
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

Miners Crushed and Killed.

Salt Lake, Utah.—A special to the Telegram from Park City, Utah, says that Andrew Anderson and Herman Wardburg, miners employed in the Anchor mine, were caught under the cage in the main shaft and killed. The body of Anderson was cut in two, while Wardburg was so badly mangled that he died in a few minutes. Anderson was married and leaves a large family.

Gives Work to Many Men.

Marysville.—The North Bloomfield Company has let contracts to up-country sawmills for 3,000,000 feet of lumber to be used in repairing the company's ditches and flumes. The outlook for the season for the mills was good before this, and now work is assured for a much larger number of men.

Women Run Down on a High Trestle. Hopkinsville, Ky.—An excursion train on the Illinois Central caught five young women on a high trestle at Dawson Springs. Two were crushed to death and the others, jumping, were probably fatally injured. All were visitors at the springs.

Boys Fall With a Windmill.

San Diego.—Two boys named Montijo, at Otay, climbed to the top of a windmill last week. Their weight or movements overbalanced the structure, and it fell, causing fatal injuries to one of the boys and serious ones to the other.

Palm Oil May Not Be Used.

Washington.—Mr. Yerkes, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has made a decision on the question of whether palm oil in very small quantities may be used in the manufacture of oleomargarine. The Commissioner holds in the negative.

Children Burned to Death.

Ashland, Or.—At Klamath Lester and Emory Davis, aged 6 and 3 years, respectively, were playing with some matches near a can of coal oil, in the yard of their home. The oil exploded, covering the children with a blaze of fire. They were burned to death.

EDWARD VII CROWNED KING OF ENGLAND

Loyal Subjects of All Rank Show Their Devotion to the Monarch.

GREETED BY CHEERING MULTITUDE

Surrounded by Medieval Splendors of His Kingly Court, Edward Receives Crown of His Ancestors at Old Westminster.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from London says: Despite superstition and evil prophecy, King Edward is crowned monarch of this empire. He has passed through the ceremony medieval, even barbaric, in some of its splendor, unscathed and apparently without physical detriment. The consummation of national hopes which a few short weeks ago seemed impossible has been achieved under auspicious conditions, and once more fortune smiles upon the destinies of Britain.

The coronation rejoicings have been on a very different scale from what was anticipated six weeks ago, yet from every point of view the celebration has been worthy of the greatest empire in the world's history. About half a million people probably participated in London's tribute to the sovereign, and their loyalty and enthusiasm typified the deepest feelings of the great mass of King Edward's subjects.

As for the majestic ceremonial at Westminster Abbey, its slight curtailment served but to add to its impressive character. Nothing was lacking from the original design, save the presence of a few special envoys from abroad, and none who witnessed the matchless scene in this historic theater of kingly dramas could wish for anything more imposing, more memorable, more worthy of the great traditions of the British Empire. If no word had been spoken, if no act had been done, if that magnificent tableau could simply live as a single record of British history, Britain might rest proud and content in her place among the nations.

As a spectacle, the royal pageant in which the King traveled to the Abbey was very brilliant. At the head of the glittering cavalcade of the headquarters staff rode Lord Kitchener, who received a hearty ovation. Behind it rode Lord Roberts, carrying his field marshal's baton. He, too, was heartily cheered, but less so than Lord Kitchener.

In this part of the procession also rode the Indian Princess and Maharajahs, whose gorgeous robes, jeweled turbans and statuesque appearance attracted the eyes of all. But this was only for a moment, for they had scarcely passed when twenty-five Yeomen of the Guard, afoot, were seen. Then around the corner facing the Abbey came the royal escort of Princess and equerries and an escort of colonial and Indian cavalry, and suddenly the band struck up the National anthem. The familiar cream-colored horses, with their royal trappings and gorgeous outriders and leaders, were never more heartily welcomed than at this time.

The massed thousands upon the stands rose simultaneously to their feet. Every one waved a hat or a handkerchief, and the long road of cheering thousands drowned both the band and the peeling bells of the Abbey. There was the King, who had arrived to be crowned, after all. From the moment that the King stepped out of Westminster Abbey into the open air wearing the imperial crown until the gates of Buckingham Palace closed behind him an hour later, his coach was moving through unbroken shouts of welcome from nearly half a million friendly throats.

The measure of this tribute to his popularity will be increased very considerably when it is said that the return journey was fully an hour and a quarter long, and that the vast majority of the crowds had waited for it over six hours with scarcely an incident to relieve the gray monotony of a day that belonged by rights to the late autumn.

A discriminating eulogist has said that among the qualities the King has shown was the possession of wide human sympathy with life as it passes outside of the court, and the British public determined not to be behind him in patience. They did not

abate a jot of their cordiality in showing that they understood that the King at last, after sad strokes of fortune, had achieved his heart's desire. There will remain a strong impression on all who saw him at close quarters returning from the Abbey that the coronation has been a severe tax on the King's physical strength.

As he bowed incessantly from the gorgeous coach he made the gestures of a tired man. He was resting back on cushions, and his posture restricted the bow to an inclination from the chin upward.

The Queen, on the other hand, looked marvelously gracious, and smiled with self-possessed, unaffected pleasure as she bowed right and left, all the time full of life and movement. It was Queen Alexandra who gave the most sign of animation of the two crowned figures as they passed homeward, and it was very evident that however deep felt was the King's happiness at being a crowned monarch, it was unaffectedly shared by his consort, whose crown was worn so becomingly. After his return the King appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, wearing his coronation robes. The Queen accompanied him. Both bowed in response to the cheers of the people.

Starving and Insane in Freight Car.

Duluth, Minn.—The authorities of St. Louis county, Minnesota, have found George Bickwell of San Francisco, formerly of the United States cruiser Boston, starving and in a sad condition mentally. He was in a freight car at Tower, where tramps were caring for him. Papers on Bickwell show that he was at the battle of Manila bay on the Boston, and was a gunner. More recently he has been at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The man can give no account of himself. The authorities at the navy yard have been notified. One of the papers on Bickwell discloses that he was entitled to about \$50 prize money. How he came to be in this part of the country has not been ascertained.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Agricultural Returns Above the Average—Trade Retarded by Labor Disputes.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Bright prospects in agricultural sections far outweigh the adverse influence of labor disputes which are still retarding trade and manufacture. Confidence in the future is unshaken, dealers everywhere preparing for a heavy fall trade, while contracts for distant deliveries run further into next year than is usual at this date. Activity has been noteworthy in lumber regions and fish packing made new records. Railway earnings are fully sustained.

Aside from the fuel scarcity and some congestion of traffic, the iron and steel situation continues propitious.

Raw wool is fully sustained at recent advances, the average of 100 grades showing a gain of nearly a cent as compared with the level on May 1.

Splendid growing and harvesting conditions have prevailed in most sections of the country, especially where the larger and more important crops are raised. It is now almost certain that the agricultural returns will be far above the average as to quantity, while the low stocks at the opening of the season are calculated to sustain prices, and there is little prospect of a return to the low quotations of preceding years of bumper production.

Failures for the week numbered 196 in the United States, against 173 last year; in Canada, 14, against 31 a year ago.

Forest Fires Raging in Northern States.

Portland, Or.—Forest fires raging in the Cascade mountains along the Columbia river are destroying millions of feet of valuable timber. One fire at Multnomah Falls, thirty miles east of this city, extends over a wide territory and clouds of smoke hang over the city. On the Washington shore of the Columbia river near Cape Horn is another large fire, while various small fires extend to the limit of the timber belt on the east. The majority of the fires have been started by campers. A stubborn fire is also raging south of Milwaukie in the small timber.

Daring Climber Killed.

Philadelphia.—Daniel Barry, a daring climber, known as "Steeple Jack," fell ninety-eight feet while working in the City Hall tower and was instantly killed.

MILLIONS OF SHEEP PERISHED

Widespread Misery Results From Terrible Drought in Australia.

MILLIONAIRES BECOME PAUPERS.

Small Holders, Driven to Utter Want, Appeal to the Government for Assistance—Showers Lead to Hope of Break.

Victoria, B. C.—The Canadian Pacific Railway mail steamer Miowera brings news of the terrible effects of the drought in the "Back Blocks" of Queenstown and New South Wales. Sheep, cattle and horses have perished by the thousand, and the ranchers, many of whom were regarded as millionaires a few months ago, are ruined. Even Samuel McCaughey, the largest individual sheep owner in the world, whose famous Riverina flock numbered 1,250,000, has been staggered by the terrible plague of drought. He has lost over a million head of sheep and his great wool business is but a memory.

The small men have been hit hardest, for in addition to losing their sheep, the banks and loan companies are foreclosing on their lands to secure themselves for advances made during the good times.

The ruined ranchers are appealing to the Government for assistance, and have invited members of the Cabinet to drive through the country and see for themselves the extent of the ruin and desolation. At one point, after driving fifty miles through the decaying carcasses of sheep, one of these officials was driven under an arch built entirely of the skulls of sheep.

A few showers have fallen recently, and the people are hoping for a break in the drought, but as yet no general rain has occurred, and in many districts the conditions are becoming intolerable. All the ranchers who can afford it have sent their families into Sydney or Brisbane, where many of the daughters of erstwhile millionaires are seeking employment as governesses or in business offices.

Drama Founded on a Mormon Tradition.

Salt Lake, Utah.—"Corianton," a spectacular drama by Professor Orestes Bean of Utah, was presented for the first time at the Salt Lake Opera-house Monday night, Joseph Hawthorn appearing in the title role. The play is an Aztec romance and is founded on an incident recorded in the book of Mormon. The principal tradition of the Aztecs that is developed in the play is the one that holds that a white Christ was to come to a reign of peace. Corianton is the wayward son of the high priest, and his mission to the Zoramites, who centuries later, according to the book of Mormon, destroyed the White Nephites, form the main theme of the play. The scenic effects and costumes are magnificent, and the play, though druggy at times, especially in the dialogues, was well received. The play has extended Eastern booking.

Nicaragua Volcano Threatens Eruption.

Managua, Nicaragua.—The Santiago, one of the Masaya volcanoes in Nicaragua, has been emitting vapors, accompanied by groaning sounds, for the last twenty days. The Commissioners and the Government of the Department of Masaya, in which the volcano is located, report that in their opinion there is danger of an eruption occurring shortly.

The town of San Fernando de Masaya is situated at the foot of the volcano of Masaya. It has a population of 22,000, nine-tenths of whom are natives. The volcano is about 3000 feet high.

Body of a Woman Found.

Marysville.—The body of an unknown woman, between 45 and 50 years of age, was found in a deep ditch a mile and a half east of Reed station, this county. She is supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from the bridge that spans the waterway at that point.

When a man has a full stomach and a full purse he thinks everybody else is full the same and wonders how any one can want. For this reason our rulers should come from the ranks of boys who once struggled with poverty.

DRIVEN MAD BY CONSTANT FEAR.

Young Woman Alone in a House Becomes Prey to Her Imagination.

Oakland.—Pretty Hulda Peterson, aged 25 years, a victim of her own fears and imagination, was committed to the Napa Insane Asylum last week by Judge Melvin upon recommendation of the Lunacy Commissioners. The testimony in the case showed that the young girl's mind had finally given way under the strain of being alone in a house where a former servant had committed suicide. The house in question is in San Francisco. About two months ago Miss Peterson, who was then in good health and had a fresh bloom in her cheeks, accepted a position to act as housekeeper while the family occupying the house was away on a vacation.

When she first heard the story of the servant who had committed suicide in the house Miss Peterson paid little attention to it. The first night she was left alone in the house, however, fears began to overtake her, and the story of her predecessor's tragic end came back to her with more force. Sounds that in the day would not attract her attention startled her and made her nervous. Stories she had read and heard of haunted houses and the spirits of the dead returning at night to the place where they departed the carnal body were recalled by her and had their effect.

Daylight dispelled the fears of the young woman and she was inclined to laugh at the thoughts that had occupied her mind the night before. But darkness again brought them back. After several days Miss Peterson visited her sister, Annie Peterson, who lives at 404 East Tenth street, in this city, and told her of her troubles. They laughed the matter off together and Miss Peterson returned to her duties. The next time she returned to her sister she was almost a mental wreck. Her mind continued to fail until now there is a complete derangement. Violent attacks upon other members of the family caused relatives of the young woman to have her taken before the Lunacy Commissioners.

Clubhouse to Cost Over Two Millions.

New York.—Charles Hodgson, one of the committee which organized the new Anglo-American Club, whose building is soon to be erected in London, is in this city. Hodgson was for years manager of the Carlton Club in London. He has come here to get some ideas for application in the arrangements of the new club. He says: "It is expected that the club will be ready for occupancy about the end of next year, if not sooner. It is to cost, I understand, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000. It will be located in Piccadilly, near what is known as Green Park."

Los Angeles Women Demand the Ballot.

Los Angeles.—About fifty women appeared at the City Hall Monday and made demand of J. C. M. Spencer, deputy county clerk, that they be allowed to register as voters. They contended that under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution they could not be denied the franchise. Spencer declared his inability to comply with the request. The delegation at once filed into the Council Chamber, but without making their identity or their wants known. They left before the council convened. The women in the delegation are advocates of women's suffrage.

Negro Boy Lynched.

Shreveport, La.—Harry Benton, a seventeen-year-old negro, was lynched near Homer for an assault on the four-year-old child of D. W. Fortson. The negro was placed upon a horse and a rope tied to the limb of a tree. A noose was fastened around his neck and some one struck the horse. The animal moved forward and Benton's body swung into space. Several shots were fired into his body.

Threatens to Collapse.

Venice.—Preparations are being made to demolish the upper part of the campanile of San Stefano, which is showing signs of collapse. The houses surrounding the campanile have been ordered evacuated. Similar indications of danger have been noticed at the Church of San Giobbe.

Sentence of a Boodler.

St. Louis.—Harry A. Faulkner, an Alderman, recently convicted of perjury in connection with the street railway bribery case, has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Faulkner filed an appeal to the Supreme Court and was released on \$10,000 bonds, pending a hearing.

Electric Bulb Scares Infuriated Lion.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Boston says: An incandescent light bulb was the means of saving two women from an infuriated lion that had escaped from his cage at the Grand Opera-house here. The attendants were moving three lions from one cage to another when one of the animals escaped, and, after racing up and down the stage, growling at every one who ventured near him, he poised himself on the edge of the stage, ready to spring at two women janitresses who were in the auditorium only a few feet away. The lion's foot struck one of the electric bulbs and smashed it. The report of its breaking startled him, and he backed up into a corner, where he was captured by attendants.

Hold-Up at Lake Tahoe.

Truckee.—A hold-up and attempted murder occurred near the Tahoe Tavern at Lake Tahoe last week. A Salt Lake tourist named Street was out walking with his wife, when a man demanded his money. Street gave him his pocket-book and started to put his hand in his hip pocket to get some more money when the robber shot him twice, both bullets passing entirely through the right side of the chest below the collar bone. The wounded man tried to grapple with the robber, when the latter struck him on the cheek with a hatchet. The robber wore no mask. There is no trace of the robber, and only a vague description has been obtained of him by the officers.

Horrible Death of a Mill Employee.

Seattle.—J. M. Kidney, an employee of the Stetson-Post mill, was burned to death in a roaring furnace used to consume waste lumber. While in an epileptic fit he seized a wire conveyor cable and was dragged more than 400 feet to the furnace. His charred body was later recovered.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY, Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

A sailor isn't necessarily a pugilist because he boxes the compass.

What a tiresome old world this would be if folks could have their own way all the time.

The excitement of dodging taxes does a great deal to prevent high society suffering from ennui.

It is never safe to gauge the sentiment of the country by the cheers in the Congressional galleries.

Schwab has begun giving money to colleges. We may expect that it will be "Dr. Schwab before long."

President Palma says he and his family will live plainly. On \$25,000 a year they can afford to live as plainly as they please.

As if young Alfonso of Spain did not already have enough trouble on his hands with the Carlists and an empty treasury, his advisers are trying to get him married.

Prince Henry is in training for further diplomatic work for his brother, the Emperor. He has recently been visiting Ireland, where they keep the Blarney stone.

Senator Dolliver says poor people are the only ones who have a chance in the world. Still, as Senator William M. Stewart says, "If a man has money he doesn't need sympathy."

The latest one is "Meme," with an imported French accent over each "e." Of course it is our old friend Mamie in disguise, but just as sweet and charming as ever. Grayce and Alis are more easily recognized.

The doctors report that the trouble with Hobson is "compound hypermetropic astigmatism, retinal hypermetropia and trachoma." Gracious goodness! Why don't they give the poor man a pension and let him go?

It is announced that the British authorities have introduced ping-pong into the prisons for the purpose of affording the inmates an easy and innocent amusement at a small cost. So it seems the game has its value after all.

A woman who married a man who claimed to have German estates that proved a myth, has secured a divorce. Quite right. It is evident it was not the man she was marrying, but the estates, and since they do not exist the marriage is void. The only wonder is that any divorce was legally necessary from a man who counted for so little in the marriage.

More evil is wrought, so says a celebrated physician, in the systems of boys from 12 to 20 years by lack of sleep than by any other one cause. Franklin's "early to bed" has not lost its force. Concerning the "early to rise," Chevalier Bunsen used to say that by always getting up four hours before other people he made his year into sixteen months instead of twelve. Inasmuch as an hour's mental or physical work in the morning is generally worth two late in the day, even the mathematics of the chevalier were not seriously at fault.

Eighty years ago a writer in the London Examiner made sport of the prevailing passion for newspaper personalities in a paragraph which, with change of hero, would be pertinent today: "The Duke of Wellington generally rises about eight. While he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune. He uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity than the ordinary man. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as it is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The duke drinks tea with his breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, beet or eggs. The eggs are generally those of the domestic fowl."

What a mean Captain Kidd sort of pirate the "substitute" man is! You ask for somebody's sarsaparilla or somebody else's powders, and he says: "Haven't got it, but I have something just as good." Then he hands out an article made by a robber. No other word fits. The world is full of imitators. A man with genius and ambition discovers something that is of real use to humanity. He manufactures it, he puts it on the market, he spends a fortune introducing it. It is the only way; no matter how meritorious an article is, it has to be advertised. You would think that the man who had used money and time and skill would be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his daring and energy. Not so! Along comes the robber, the imitator, the leech. He puts up something in a box or a bottle, copies the successful man's wares as closely as he can and keep out of jail, cuts the price and asks the dealer, the man who is nearest to the consumer, to do the rest. It is an expensive way. There are no advertising bills to meet—nothing to do but copy and grow fat on the efforts of a more honest individual. It isn't fair. It discourages ambition, and very often it gives to the consumer something that injures instead of benefiting. When you know what you want, ask for it, and GET IT. That is the only prompt and efficient way to deal with

the substitute pirate, who has not the brains to do business on business lines.

The conclusion of peace in South Africa is a cause for world-wide congratulation. The precise terms matter less than the fact that an end has come at last to the war which for nearly three years has desolated the two former Boer republics and parts of Natal and Cape Colony. On both sides there has been heroism, and on both sides, also, there has been a large measure of humanity. It is doubtful if so protracted and obstinate a struggle was ever fought out to a conclusion with less of wilful cruelty. It is characteristic of brave soldiers that they learn respect for each other from the experiences of battle; and after the bitterness of this long struggle has passed, there will abide on either side this sentiment of respect to temper and ameliorate future relations. It is highly important that this should be so, for the British and Dutch must live together in South Africa, and must together work out the problems of civilization. It would be a calamity if the work were long interrupted by the perpetuation of old animosities, whether of race or politics. In money and in men the price which Great Britain has had to pay for her new acquisitions in South Africa is prodigious. A recent parliamentary paper put the total money cost, allowing for the continuance of the war until next March, at more than eleven hundred million dollars. The mind does not easily grasp such figures, but some idea of their meaning may be obtained when it is remembered that this sum exceeds the enormous indemnity which Germany exacted from France, out of which she paid the whole cost of the war of 1870-71, and had several hundred millions left for pensions, fortresses and railways. But the appalling loss of life, the thousands of desolated homes in the British Isles, and the still more distressing calamities that have fallen upon the brave and enduring Boers—these things make the heart sick at the thought of the cost of war, and constitute the strongest possible argument for peace.

There is a wonderful story in the life of Otis R. Freeman. He is dead. He was the oldest practicing physician in America. He was a useful man. A great many years ago Otis Freeman mapped out his life work. That was probably years before you were born, for he arrived in 1800. Wealth didn't attract him. It isn't always the thing that useful men yearn for. The fellow who grubs for money, who loves it, who piles it up, who makes the dollar his standard for measurement, is often selfish, rarely useful to his kind, and seldom content. Dr. Freeman considered these things and decided to do all the good he could. Nearly all doctors are philanthropists in a way. Sometimes they use their skill for money, sometimes for experience, and often—more often than the world knows—for charity. It is a fact that should make humanity feel very kindly toward the profession. A practicing physician at 93. Think of the army of men and women and children that old doctor had treated. Think of the pain he had banished, the dying moments he had eased, the people who became well and strong because of his skill. He was a war veteran, too. At the battle of Salter's Creek, Va., he worked steadily at the amputation table for fourteen hours, and from 1862 to the close of the war he was actively engaged, not making wounds, but healing them. The more he doctored the more he sympathized. He was as tender as a woman and always kind. It was his ambition to work right up to the close of his life—to wear out, and he had no more fear of death than he had of sleep. Five days before his death he set a broken arm for a boy and insisted on seeing all patients who called upon him. So there you have the life story of a successful man, whose days spanned almost a century. He left no fortune. Many of those whom he benefited have forgotten him. He was a success. The human being who does good to satisfy the voice of conscience needs no monument. The man who deliberately leads a useful life, because of his noble qualities of heart and mind, leaves his impress on the world.

Mysteries of Time.
The two elderly Irish citizens, out for a Sunday stroll, says the New York Tribune, paused before a jeweler's show window in which were displayed three clocks recording time in various parts of the world.
"Tis odd," said one. "In some parts of the earth 'tis yesterday and in other parts 'tis to-morrow, while the United States is the only place in all the world where 'tis to-day."
"Tis odd."
"Tis so."
"Now, when would be me birthday if I were in Paris?"
"Your birthday is to-day?"
"Tis."
"And 'tis to-morrow in France, to-day?"
"Tis."
"Thin yez could never have a birthday if y' were over there, because your birthday comes to-day."
"Tis odd."
"Tis so."
"No doubt that's why the population is so rayduced in France; but it has advantages. A man is always as old as he is if he is born over there, but if he lives abroad he is a year younger on his birthday, countin' he be home."
"Tis odd."
"Tis so."
Why do proposed marriages interest people so much? And why do people attract so little attention after they are married?

LATEST IN CLOTHES.

SHIRT WAISTS ARE VERY FANCIFULLY MADE UP.

Embroidered and Stenciled Fronts—Elbow Sleeves in Great Vogue—Uses of Braid and Ribbon in Trimming—Other Ideas from Gotham.

New York correspondence:

WHEN the term fancy shirt waist was new, the garments that came under this classification were satisfactorily ornate, but since then they have increased steadily in beauty. Now they are as handsome and elaborate as they well can be. One new type that is especially attractive has beautiful embroidered and stenciled fronts, with elbow sleeves. Another fine sort has yoke and collar made in one of narrow valenciennes lace sewed together, the body of the waist being tucked and trimmed variously. Tucking is seen on most of these waists, and nothing is too odd or fanciful in its arrangement. The range is from inch tucks to the finest pin tucks, and all manner of geometrical designs are planned from them. Shirring and smocking are used freely also, and look well on

was braided—fine black silk braid on apple green canvas over white silk. Very pretty designs are made from fancy braids in all widths and colors. Black and white together or separately, a pretty red and green are favored colors, although any shade may be chosen. These braids are silk or very fine mohair. Linen and pongee gowns are nicely trimmed with braid.

New passementeries and embroidered bands are fine and expensive at present, but so effective that a very little often will suffice. Oriental, Persian and Turkish effects are numerous, and solid colors are fashionable. Characteristic employment of these new passementeries appears in the two right hand gowns of the third accompanying picture. In the first the trimming was delicate green, the goods dark blue broadcloth. In the second were dotted black and white silk serpentine passementerie and black peau de soie. Jet and spangled band trimming is being revived, and is shown on black dotted mulls, grenadines and swisses. It looks very fine when a bright lining is shown beneath the material. Black jet is used on soft wool materials, especially velvings, etamines and grenadines. Another stylish trick of trimming employs bands of silk mousseline in applique designs beautifully embroidered in various colors. These come in all widths. Mull bands embroidered in this way are also favored by fashionables. Then silk cord supplies its list of accepted embellishments. Fancy silk cord ornaments are used as bodice and skirt trimmings, the cord in all shades and weights. Fine cord almost as thin as thread is used for outlining applique lace bands and medallions. Sometimes



ADROIT USE OF BRAID AND RIBBON.

soft materials. Lace, of course, takes the lead as a trimming, but any of the fancy braids, cording, narrow ribbons or passementerie may be employed. Very pretty indeed are the waists of handkerchief linen in white and in various colors, also those of very fine white China silk. The former are beautifully embroidered in white silk or linen threads, and many are appliqued with tiny lace or embroidered medallions. White embroidered in black is especially pretty. White embroidered in delicate tints is seen now and then, but all white is liked better. A noticeable feature of dress trimming is the use of satin and velvet baby ribbons. These appear in all decorative ways that ingenuity can devise, and on both wash and wool materials. Black, white, crimson, baby blue and several shades of green are the colors chosen. They edge many of the ruffles that are so stylish a finish. They also outline lace or embroidered medallions and edge folds of cloth, silk or velvet. Wider ribbon is used, but generally as a banding, or gathered. Inch wide velvet ribbon is liked for edging bias ruffles or Spanish flounces, or for heading the latter. A stylish ribbon trimmed gown of white organdie figured in delicate green and red was put by the artist at the right in

the medallion is made of this thread crocheted and outlined with very fine lace bands. Black is usually chosen for this fine cord. The newest dress cloaks show cord ornaments as trimming. The tendency of all these new decorations is to lessen the amount of lace trimmings, but plenty remains. Medallions alone are a prince's ransom. Bands seen not quite as numerous, and single bands are wider. Note the remaining gown of the artist's contribution in the matter of width of lace. White chiffon veiling and heavy ceru lace were the details, the dominating feature, of course, being the tucking. Soft, semi-transparent woollen stuffs show off lace to very fine advantage.

Fashion Notes.
Blouse jackets are as good as ever. Large collars of silk muslin or lace are worn on every sort of gown.

To be presented with a brooch in the form of wishbone in diamonds such as is now displayed would convince any woman of its reliability as an emblem of good luck.

Speaking of realism, hats and bonbon boxes have not been monopolizing all the fruit this year. Grapes have been one of the most popular forms of embroidery upon wash gowns and upon petticoats.

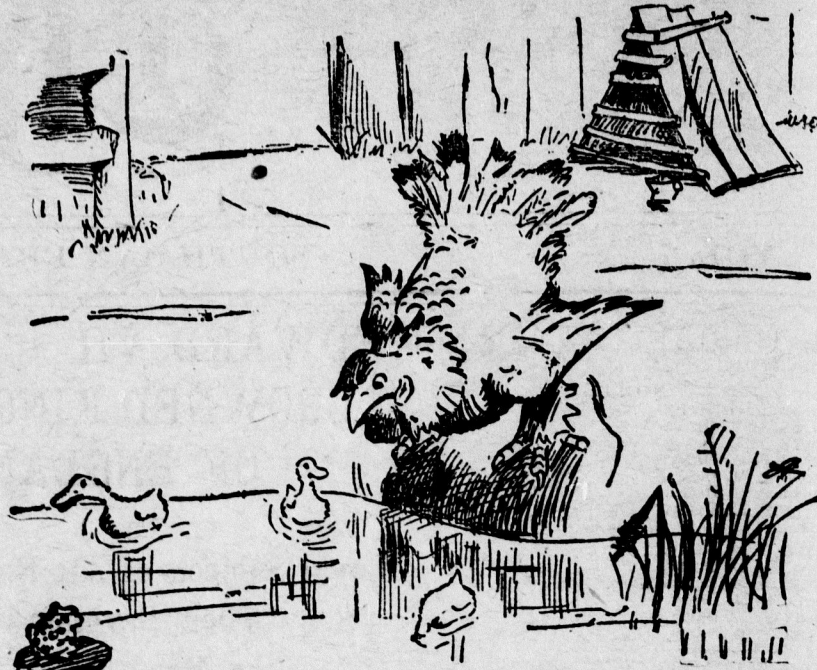


AS LACE AND PASSEMENTERIES ARE EMPLOYED.

the next picture. The ribbon was crimson velvet, the belt matching. White satin ribbon in varying widths affords a very stylish trimming for all kinds of white wash and transparent materials. It is especially pretty in baby width. A still narrower ribbon, almost the width of soutache, is used as braiding. It comes in all colors, but black and white are especially favored. This does not out braid, which still have indorsement. The gown beside the one just described

and cherries are now to be seen. As a rule the grapes are embroidered in white, but the cherries are red and nearly as natural as those to be seen on hats and umbrellas handles. They are in red embroidery or form a part of a pattern of embroidery, for the cherries themselves are covered with solid pieces of red cotton, raised upon the material in which they appear, so that they show nearly half the circumference of a natural cherry.

STRANGE.



Old Hen (seeing her brood go in water for first time)—Well, that's queer. I am sure we never did anything like that when I was young.—Chicago American.

WINDMILL IN A TREE.

Happy Blending of Nature and Mechanical Construction.

A windmill is apt to be a very prosaic and ugly construction, but many attempts have been made with varying success to beautify these very useful and economical power producers. Our engraving illustrates how nature and mechanics are sometimes blended. The trees serve only as a support for the platform at the top, and as side rails of a ladder, it being necessary only to provide rounds. The trees serve also to stay the iron supports. The windmill, which was built by J. G. Benster, of Moline, Ill., is of peculiar construction.



WINDMILL IN A TREE.

tion, there being no gear wheels nor crank, the power being transmitted by an involute wheel which is a part of the steel wheel to which the fans are attached. The surface of the involute is perfectly smooth, as is also that of the wheel attached to the pitman carrier, the one rolling upon the other. The mast is of tubing, the pitman being carried down inside. The wires for throwing the mill out of gear are attached to a thimble on the outside of the mast. From this it will be seen that the trees are not needed for actual support.

A number of these mills have been attached to trees and have been giving excellent results. It is also possible to carry the mills around on a wagon and set them to work at any part of a field.—Scientific American.

SOCIAL INSTINCTS OF ANTS.

Show Strong Sense of Devotion to Common Weal—True to Duty.

In order not to leave my readers under the impression of crime among ants, I shall give an account of a trait of devotion to the common weal, writes August Forel in the International Monthly. A swarm of Formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrances to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a beautiful drop of honey on a piece of paper.

At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second, and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gourmandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social, in which gourmandism does prevail.

Compared to the manners of other social animals, and especially to those of man, the manners of ants exhibit a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence, due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degeneracy through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfillment of this series of acts, individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection, analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, prove this superabundantly.

But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the case different as regards our actions, though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

A CANALBOAT VILLAGE.

Every Inch of Space Is Utilized in Their Tiny Cabins.

People who object to living in snug quarters and think that love in a cottage is altogether too contracted for continual affection, should go and take a look at the cabins in the canalboat village in New York harbor. Those who are preparing to live in trunks and grips during the summer could get fine lessons there of snug existence.

The whole cabin is not much larger than an ordinary bedroom, but how every morsel of space is utilized! If there is a square inch of interior that gets away without doing its duty in the great work of containing things it must have a politician's talent for evasion. The tidy little kitchen stove is so close to the wall that you wonder if the latter was not made of asbestos to guard against fire. The clock is about as small as our ingenious Connecticut friends have yet been able to make contain twenty-four hours. The pantry-cupboard-and-storeroom combined possess the appearance of having been packed and then put under hydraulic pressure.

The carpet pattern, says a writer in Will Carleton's magazine, Every Where (for a canal-villager always insists on having her floor neatly clad), is appropriately minute. A tiny library whispers its titles from an unexpected corner. Minute bedrooms for child or adult appear to you now and then like prone ghosts. Several pictures, narrowly but visibly framed, cover the wooden wainscoting.

PRIMITIVE INDIANA CHURCH.

Still Used as House of Worship by Descendants of Builders.

The old Goshen church building, in Boone Township, Harrison County, Indiana, has recently undergone repairs. This church was built by the Baptists in 1813. It is about thirty feet square, and is a log structure, chinked and daubed, with a board ceiling. There were formerly heavy hewn beams across one end of the auditorium, some six feet above the floor, on which the



OLD GOSHEN CHURCH BUILDING.

choir was located. The roof was originally of clap-boards, fastened by wooden pins, and with weight-poles tied down to hold the roof more secure. The door formerly swung on wooden hinges, and was kept closed by a wooden pin. The building has been recently reroofed with shingles, and it now has a door with a modern lock. Church services are still held occasionally in the building.

Countermanded.

Ragson Tatters—Gee! Wouldn't yer like ter be sittin' in one o' dem swell restaurants, eatin some strawberry shortcake?

Hungry Higgins—I ordered some o' dat dis mornin', but I changed me mind afterward.

Ragson Tatters—Come off! Hungry Higgins—Sure; but the woman said if I wasn't satisfied wid cold meat an' bread she'd sic de dog on me.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Consolation.

Diggs—I tell you, sir, it's a great thing to be a poor man.

Biggs—How do you figure it out?

Diggs—Why, my inability to buy an automobile is alone a clear saving of at least \$1,000.

One has to be married and have children in order to appreciate to the full the genius of the man who invented safety pins.

Vanity and impudence are twin sisters.

HOW TO FORETELL THE THUNDERSTORM

THE weather man does not keep all his wisdom a secret, nor all the tricks of his maps. They are yours and all the world's for the reading. The "weather man" has pointed out the atmospheric conditions, the features of the sky and the clouds, and the time of day which must be taken into consideration when attempting to forecast the approach of a storm, and which, if rightly interpreted, are certain signs. The leading conditions to be considered are the aspect of the western horizon, the presence or absence of the cirrus and cirrus stratus clouds, the temperature, with sultriness and humidity, and the distance from the turning point in the day's temperature. If these different conditions are correctly understood there should be no difficulty, he says, in foretelling a thunderstorm.

There is one feature of an uncertainty, however, about the actual appearance of a storm correctly predicted, and this is due to the fact that all thunderstorms are distinctly local features, having to do with extremely limited areas, and all of short duration. This renders it possible for one to see a storm coming and really on its way, but to be disappointed of its arrival in one's own locality. Its energy has been spent before it has had time to come sufficiently far. Thunderstorms rarely cover more than thirty to forty miles in a stretch, generally no more than eight miles, while some are much shorter. A hailstorm, which always signifies the expenditure of tremendous force, seldom covers more than one-eighth of a mile. Less severe storms are sometimes no longer. In looking for a storm the western sky is the only sky point of value. This is because storms always have been known to travel from west to east. If you see a storm due north or due south, it is more than probable that it will not reach your locality, but if it is due west or west of north, or perhaps west of south, you may look for its arrival unless it should happen to expend its energies on the way before reaching you.

Look Out for Mares' Tails.

The clouds which foretell a storm are the cirrus clouds, "mares' tails" the country folk call them—hair-like shreds threaded across the heavens, later gathering into the cirrus stratus, white and gray cloud sheets, which are the true rain clouds. The atmosphere is always heated with a sultry humidity. It is warm and moist, thick, heavy, muggy. It sometimes almost feels wet. People often then speak of "feeling" the rain in the air. There is rarely any wind preceding a storm for any length of time; the air is exceptionally still. As the tempest approaches nearer, however, a soft, thick, "wet" sort of "whirl," characteristic as a harbinger of the rainstorm at its heels, is felt stirring abroad. This is most familiar to all those who have made a study of weather conditions and as easy of recognition as the awful oracles of the weather prophet monstrosities on feet. The time of day when a rain is most likely to fall is about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or again between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. These are the two turning points in the day's temperature. At 3 o'clock the maximum heat usually has been reached for afternoon, while at night the coolness has thoroughly set in. In case of a succession of thunderstorms they usually occur about twenty-four hours apart, that being apparently the time necessary for them to accumulate sufficient moisture to break. So, if a storm series begins in the afternoon, the remainder of the series will likely take place in the afternoon, while if it begins at night the storms are likely to continue to be at night.

It is considerably easier to foretell accurately the arrival of a thunderstorm than to explain it after it has come. Wiser than any man now known would be he who could follow understandingly the magical metamorphosis of the charming summer landscape, with its lake like glass and air as motionless as marble, from the time the first misty sultriness arises as the threatening breezes begin to stir; as the sky darkens frowningly the winds break boisterously from their fetters, the cloud streams pour out in cataracts, and the fires of heaven illuminate the tempestuous night with their terrible play. And finally, as the elements again calm themselves, the sun breaks out and revived nature becomes doubly lovely.

First Sign of Storm.

The first clue to the mystery of a storm comes from water. If a glass of water is stood on a window sill on a hot day it gradually evaporates. The hot, dry air sucks it up. Similarly the hot, dry air above a large body of water sucks up its water, transforming it into a fine vapor, which imparts a mistiness to the atmosphere. The distant atmosphere now gradually screens itself in a veil of vapor, which becomes thicker and thicker. This leads to the next phenomenon in a thunder storm. Every one knows that when steam comes in contact with cold objects it condenses, finally forming tiny drops and resuming its original form of water. In the same way on a warm summer afternoon the upper layers of the atmosphere are cooler than those immediately above the earth. Hence the higher vapors rising as they come in contact with the cool air condense, thickening into the form of clouds, which are nothing else than condensed steam. The particles of water forming the clouds are so minute and light that they float in the air. The movements of the vapor as it rises and the action of the cooler upper strata of air upon it generates currents of air, the wind. This at first is just strong enough to ripple the surface of the water and stir the foliage of the trees. In the meantime, another element is at work. Every one presupposes an accumulation of electricity at a thunder storm. Electricity is present in the atmosphere all the time, but, as has been observed, it is always more powerful when any strong perpendicular currents of air are in action, such as cyclones, tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, waterspouts, thunder storms. Electrical manifestations are always accompanied by the downpour of water. This means that the condensation of vapor is closely connected with electricity. Why is it not an instance of electricity generated by friction? Rub two pieces of paper vigorously against each other and electricity is generated. Open the safety valve of a steam engine giving out vapor and electricity is produced by the friction of the steam and valve. In a thunder storm electricity may thus be generated by the friction of individual particles of water which have been driven about by the wind.

The Two Kinds of Electricity, Positive

and negative, always try to unite. The ascending portions of the air, and the clouds generally are charged with negative electricity, while the surface of the earth over which they swim are charged with positive electricity. Each seeks to unite with the other. The majority of the particles are not strong enough in electricity to span the space of air lying between, and can do so only under high tension. As the friction increases, electricity accumulates on the brims of the clouds and the projections of the earth's surface, trees, houses and mountains. The currents of air become sturdier. They bend the boughs of the trees, scourge the waves, lash the ships. The last feeble sun rays break through the massy clouds, casting an unusual, threatening, and uncanny light over the scene. The clouds gather more and more thickly, transforming themselves from the light cumulus clouds to rain clouds. The struggle of the negative and positive poles of electricity become more savage. If a metal ball is charged with electricity only the surface becomes magnetic. The interior is not electrified, similarly the microscopic drops of water forming the clouds are electrical only on their surface. Through the ever greater condensation they come nearer and nearer, and finally many together form one large raindrop. This larger raindrop contains all the electricity of the many smaller drops, but as its surface is more limited than their combined surfaces its electricity is of greater power.

Storm in All Its Fury.

The raindrops, too large and heavy to hover in the air, fall to earth. As the clouds merge, raindrops form more and more rapidly and the rain falls more violently and copiously. The storm is now fully developed, and unburdened itself with fury. Brilliant flashes of light produced by powerful electric sparks illuminate the darkness, and the thunder growls in the sky. The tension between the surface of the earth and that of the clouds has become stronger. The tracts of air which at first were too vast to be traversed by electricity are now the pathway of lightning, not only between earth and clouds, but also between cloud and cloud, negative and positive poles meeting whenever strong enough to cross the necessary space. The lightning comes in three forms. Zigzag lightning with its crooked, branch-like forks, is produced when electricity amassed in small proportional points opposite each other wishes to meet. The electricity seeks to spring across by the shortest route in a straight line, but is hindered by the resisting masses of air and clouds. Hence it goes as best it can, leaping to those spots charged with electricity, whereby it assumes its characteristic aspect.

Lightning Flashes 17,000 Yards.

Flashes a thousand yards long are not rare, while those 10,000 and 17,000 yards in length have been seen. The vast force of these long flashes may be guessed at when it is known that a streak a yard and a half long is the largest that our stoutest apparatus permits our eyes to inspect. Besides the familiar destruction of the bolt in houses, trees, beast, and man, it has been known to charge iron fences with magnetism. A single flash, as a scientific man has calculated, if utilized with customary illuminating apparatus, would yield enough power to light a city for a month.

sounded and began pulling like a sexton, at the same time raising his voice in a cry of "Fire! Fire! The boat's afloat!" Here the officers of the boat and the passengers are said to have found him, after hurriedly ascertaining that the alarm was false, still valorously determined to "save the ship." The boat, relieved of the rudder's guidance, had in the meanwhile swung around in the current and dashed full speed on a sand bar, from which it required half a day to drag her. And Mark Twain, having lost his nerve, left the river.

The Golden Fleece.

The King of Spain has conferred the order of the Golden Fleece on the Prince of Wales. The boy King is de facto one of the grand masters of an order which was instituted, at Bruges, by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who was styled "the Good," as far back as February 10, 1429. The other grand master of the order is, of course, the Emperor of Austria. The Fleece went to the Hapsburgs "by arrangement," after the death of Charles of Burgundy, the "fighting Temeraire," in 1477, by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy with the Archduke Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Germany. So it got to Spain. When the line of the Spanish Hapsburgs had become extinct, Austria claimed the sole grand mastership, and diplomacy had to intervene. In the result, the grand mastership became a dual affair. To wear the Golden Fleece of Austria you must be a sovereign, a prince of a reigning house, or a most illustrious noble. Presumably, you must also profess the old religion. On the latter point Spain is less exacting.

Farmers in Alabama.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers and 94,083 by colored farmers.

An old bachelor, when he feels blue and discouraged, always regrets that he has no wife to whine to.

A man is usually doing the very best he can, or else the very worst he can.

CHINESE BEGGARS.

Schemes by Which They Try to Lure Travelers Under Tribute.

The beggars of China are very importunate and all the large cities are full of them. In Peking one of these beggars will often make a pretense of rendering a service to the passing traveler. He will dig a hole in the roadway which the traveler must pass over and then wait ostentatiously, shovel in hand, until the stranger's cart comes near. Then he throws a spoonful or two of dirt into the hole which he had previously made, and impudently demands backsheesh for the service rendered. If you regard the artifice as altogether too transparent, and refuse to satisfy his claims, the beggar will run after the cart for a mile, shouting and swearing at the top of his voice.

In the summer, when the mud is dried up and the dust affords an excuse for officious service, the same beggar will stand with a little dish of



A CHINESE BEGGAR.

water at the beginning of a steep ascent, and as the traveler approaches, sprinkle a few square feet of the roadway. His service may be entirely ineffectual and inadequate. The traveler may have to ride through clouds of dust for miles beyond, and the sparse drops of water may make little appreciable difference in the dust, even of the few inches of ground which it touches. But it is a service rendered, and according to all traditions must be paid for; and again the screaming, swearing, cooing curses the hands and feet and eyes and ears of your grand-mother and your great-grandmother's grandmother, unless you give him the largess that he demands.

OLDEST PEOPLE IN AMERICA.

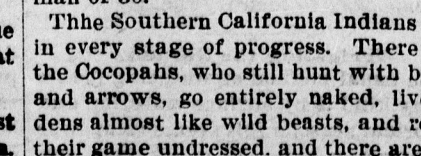
California Indians Who Have Long Since Passed Century Mark.

There are three thousand Indians, divided into thirty bands or tribes, in the valley and mountain wonderlands of Southern California, where, with three hundred days of sunshine every year, with nutritious roots, seeds, nuts and fruits growing abundantly, with rivers teeming with fish and plenty of game in the woods, they live a life of ease, almost luxury. The time was when they were nearly all connected with the old Spanish missions, types of which endure to this day, but when those institutions were disestablished, they returned to their primitive methods of life and so remained, some of them to the present day, and the rest to the time when the United States government came to their aid and with reservations and schools much improved their general condition.

Among these California Indians are found people who, it is believed, are the oldest living persons on the American continent. Some of these men and women are authoritatively known to be 130 to 145 years of age, still able to potter around at basket making and the like. Of course there are not many who have reached this great age, but there are a considerable number who have passed the 110 mark, and scores who are 90 to 100 years old.

The Sabobas are perhaps the most interesting of these Indians. They live in the mountains, among great cliffs upon which are seen great pictures painted by their ancestors, and live mostly by hunting. There are but 150 of the tribe remaining, but of these a number are centenarians, including Antonia Wata, whose picture is herewith shown. He is 118. Wata was the most trusted warrior and favorite counselor of Victoriana, the famous chief who died some years ago, and who, according to the mission records, was 136 years of age. Lonetta, the third wife of Victoriana, is still living at the age of 108. Her chosen companion is Concepcion Rombassa, who is 113. The Sabobas have a large reservation, with good grazing land and fine hunting ranges and have a church and school building. The people are amiably disposed toward all whites and are extremely hospitable. Leo Lugo, their chief, is 90 years of age, but sits on his pony with the grace and agility of a man of 30.

The Southern California Indians live in every stage of progress. There are the Cocopahs, who still hunt with bows and arrows, go entirely naked, live in dens almost like wild beasts, and roast their game undressed, and there are the



ANTONIA WATA.

Patrero Cahuillas, who have become highly civilized. The chief of the latter tribe has a great adobe house, embowered in a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers. His table is set with the choicest productions of cultivated fields and his wife, mother, sons and daughters are well-dressed, well-educated, well-mannered and refined.

WEST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Belief in the Vampire and in the "Rolling Calf."

The French islands have two superstitions which are not found in some others of the West Indies. These are a belief in a sort of werewolf or vampire, which lives on the blood of wayfarers, upon whom it leaps when they are abroad in the nighttime, or of sleepers whom it finds in lonely huts; and a second belief in what is known as the British islands as the "rolling calf," a monster with blazing eyes, which prowls at night, clanking a chain which hangs about its neck, and at whose touch men die. The following description is given of the typical obeah-man:

"There is something so indescribably sinister about an obeah-man's appearance that he can always be picked out by anybody who has had much to do with negroes. Dirty, ragged, unkempt, diseased, deformed, there is yet about him an air of cunning authority. His small, cruel, piercing eyes peer viciously at the witnesses arrayed against him in court, for all the world like those of a cornered rat. 'Ack men' may be seen to turn as gray as ashes under the terror of that baleful gaze, and often it is only with the greatest difficulty that incriminating evidence can be dragged out of them. The wizard's awesome presence, however, does not appal an unsentimental British judge. He orders him 'twelve months' hard' and a sound flogging. Frequently the obeah-man appeals against his sentence to the higher court, and in Jamaica it is not at all unusual for him to get off on some technical point, owing to the defective drafting of the law. Of course, he tells the ignorant negroes that he procured freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened."

British law punishes obeah with flogging and imprisonment. Nevertheless, obeah is practiced by the white planters almost as a matter of necessity in order to frighten the negroes and prevent them from stealing the produce of the plantations.

You may walk through your friend's "coco-pie" or banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on the top of a stick, a small bottle full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hullo, old man!" you say; "working obeah—eh? I'll come and see you flogged at the jail." He tries to laugh it off shamefacedly, saying there is really no other way to make "those wretched niggers" keep their thieving hands off the crops. That is true. It is needless, however, to go to the trouble of placing these things about the plantation. If some night provender has stolen your best yams or bananas, all you need do is say next morning in the hearing of the negroes, "It's all right; I don't care. I've got the foot-print." You will see them whisper among themselves in an awestricken way, and presently one will come up to you, nearly weeping with terror, and confess himself the thief. The superstition is that if you dig out the earth upon which the robber has impressed his foot and throw it into the fire he will waste away and die unless he gives himself up and takes his punishment.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ripening of Cheese.

A hitherto unknown element in milk, a new ferment, has been discovered, called galactose, which is proving of value in the ripening of cheese. The properties of this ferment are similar to the secretion of the pancreatic organ in the human body. Old cheese is a pre-digested food, and the digestion is wrought by the galactose. It was found that the galactose would go on working at very low temperatures, temperatures at which bacteria were practically inert. Cheese was put into refrigerators and kept frozen for months. Other cheese was kept just above the freezing point. It was found that the finest cheese is cured at from 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Practical cheese manufacturers had maintained that 50 degrees was the lowest temperature at which cheese could be worked without becoming bitter and worthless. The new discovery will, it is believed, revolutionize cheese manufacture, doing away with all curing-rooms, the cheese being sent directly to the refrigerator.—Scribner's.

Substitute for Sleep.

A London paper says that the health of people in fashionable society is being dangerously threatened by a new drug which is popularly regarded as a substitute for sleep. Very discreetly it declines to name this dangerous substance. When tea was first introduced into Europe it was commended for the same virtue, and it was believed that it would no longer be necessary to waste seven or eight hours in sleep. But extended experience has shown the disastrous results of cutting short the period of natural rest and keeping awake by the help of tea, and there is no reason to suppose that chemists will ever be able to devise any substitute for sleep which will not in the long run bring nervous breakdown.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Switzerland's Big Export Record.

Switzerland is, population considered, the greatest exporting country in the world, not even England being excepted, and its exports are almost exclusively manufactured articles.

PREMONITIONS OF DEATH

"Premonitions of death are often scented at," said a well-known Washington newspaper man, "but there are occasionally authentic instances arising which raise doubts as to whether there may not be, after all, some sort of indefinable spiritual phenomena in the incidents."

"It may be recalled that a well-known chief of division in one of the departments, in apparent perfect health on the last day he appeared at the office, died recently of apoplexy on that night. I have since learned that on the evening in question, shortly before he retired, a large dog in his household set up such a prolonged and dismal howling in his yard that he went out with a revolver, under the supposition that there might be intruders prowling about, although the dog howled and did not bark. The dog refused to stop howling upon the appearance of his master, and followed him in the house, whining and showing evidences of distress, looking up into the official's face in such a peculiar manner that the members of the family at the time thought it exceedingly strange. The dog continued to follow his master about the house, acting strangely in the manner I have described. On the following morning the official was found dead in his room."

"The above incident is a curious fact, as is also the following, and while not of startling ghostly interest, is also local to Washington, the parties being members of my own family."

"Some time ago my wife's mother started on a journey to California. Several days after her departure an elderly colored woman, who had been a slave in her family, having been raised with my wife's mother, called at the house. As in similar instances in the South, there had been a warm attachment existing between former mistress and slave, which had continued through life. She declared she had been 'warned' that my wife's mother had died at an early hour on that morning on the train. When asked whether she had received a telegram to that effect she replied that she had not, but that at the hour in question she had been awakened by the ringing of the front door bell. In responding to the call she had found no one on the steps in each instance, the bell having been pulled three successive times. Her house, by the way, was on a down town street, and was recently razed to make room for a business structure."

"At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when the former slave had communicated the intelligence of my wife's mother's death we received a telegram from the officials of the railroad, dated from a far Western State, announcing her sudden death at about the hour when the colored companion of her early childhood had heard the pulls at the bell. Had the bell been rung during the ordinary hours of the day we would have attached no importance to the former slave's positive assertion of a spiritual visitation from the deceased lady, but as it was at about 3 o'clock in the morning the incident has ever been one of more than usual interest in our family. If the pulls at the bell were not supernatural, they were assuredly a strange coincidence."—Washington Star.

Volcanic Dust.

The Barbadoes Agricultural Reporter has sent to this office a specimen of the volcanic dust which fell on that island on May 7, 8 and 9. "Borne from St. Vincent," it says, "in the upper strata of the air, and there suspended, this stuff obscured the sunlight, and produced the phenomenon of darkness. In color and consistency it resembles Portland cement." It quotes the following description of the dust by W. G. Freeman of the local department of agriculture:

"From the calculated results of a series of observations made in Strathclyde on the fall of volcanic 'ash,' it would seem that, at a low estimate, about thirteen ounces fell per square foot between the hours of 5 p. m. on Wednesday and 5 a. m. on Thursday. This, perhaps, may not appear a large amount; but look at it from another point of view. Thirteen ounces per square foot means 117 ounces per square yard, or, to express it in familiar terms in an agricultural community, no less than 16.2 tons per acre."

"Leaving for the while minor units, such as acres, we find that 10,240 tons of volcanic 'ash' were rained onto every square mile of this island during the last twelve hours of darkness. Supposing the fall to have been approximately equal in depth over the whole island, the almost incredible amount of 1,690,840 tons of solid matter was added to Barbadoes last night."—New York Tribune.

Depew's Explanation Failed.

About a month ago a constituent of Senator Depew came to him to seek his influence in getting an office.

"You write a letter telling what you want and I will forward it with my endorsement," said the Senator when he had heard the man's story.

Yesterday the man met the Senator in the capitol lobby.

"You remember telling me to write you a letter," he said.

"O, yes," was Mr. Depew's reply, as he cordially grasped his visitor by the hand. "Let me see. You sent me the letter, didn't you, and I remember rightly, I endorsed it strongly."

"No," said the man, "I never wrote the letter. I've been sick."—Washington Post.

A girl is not the real thing unless she has a beau out of town.



MARK TWAIN.

to touch a match to the inflammable material in his hand and thrust it far into the tube.

No one saw the act, but everybody on board heard from it in about a minute. Mark Twain, alone in the pilot house and still pondering the dire things he had heard of burning steamboats, especially when they happened to be loaded with cotton, was horrified to see smoke pouring from his end of the speaking tube.

There was but one thought in his mind. The boat was on fire. Dropping the wheel, which spun around and around as it left his hand, he grasped the rope by which the big bell was

TWAIN WANTED TO BE A PILOT.

Sad Ending to Cherished Ambition of the Noted Humorist.

An interesting yarn recently spun by an old St. Louis riverman seems to be a solution to the long-mooted question as to why Mark Twain never followed out his cherished ambition of becoming a Mississippi river pilot.

According to the old man Mark Twain never became a full-fledged pilot and never stood a night watch alone. In other words, while he had a pilot's license, his mastery of the great river craft on which he rode was always limited by the understanding that an older and more experienced head was within easy call. This was no discredit to the young pilot. On the occasion in question, it matters not what the year or boat, the steamer to which young Clemens was attached as cub pilot was bound up stream with a heavy cargo of cotton. At the officers' table the first day out from Natchez, Miss., the talk turned upon what to do in sudden emergencies, and especially in case of fire on a steamer loaded with cotton. The matter was discussed in all its bearings, each of those present giving his ideas upon the subject. Mark Twain, like most of the others, held to the notion that it was the pilot's duty in such an emergency to emulate the now famous Jim Bludso and "hold her nozzle to the bank till the last galoot's ashore." Immediately after dinner Clemens went to the pilot house to stand his watch.

Among those at the table was the assistant engineer, a young man whose experience of life had taught him to doubt the ability of human nature to carry out the projects of its more boastful moments. He went below at the same time that Mark Twain went aloft, but the two continued to think of the conversation just closed. The more the engineer thought about it the less certain he was disposed to give to the cub pilot's scheme, however nice it might appear in poetry or the newspapers.

As everyone knows the pilot house and engine room of a steamboat are connected, not only with bells for signaling, but with a big bell was

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

"HONEYBEE" WHISKY BEAN

Topics of the Times

A woman does not begin to command until she has promised to obey.

I guess mine will be a real panama. It is to cost about \$40,000,000.—Uncle Sam.

Measure a man by his every-day conduct rather than by his extraordinary exertions.

Hands up. How many of you know what they are fighting about down in Venezuela?

Men are continually going up against schemes that look like more money and less work.

The man who isn't being fooled by anybody else generally puts in a good deal of time deceiving himself.

The new King of Saxony is 70 years old. There seems to be one place left where the boys aren't getting all the good jobs.

From the eagerness with which Boers and British are falling on each other's necks, it is evident that each is grateful for the help given to let the other go.

Rockefeller's recent investment of a large sum of money in a bicycle factory may be taken as an indication that he begs leave to differ and is willing to back it up.

An exchange says that a person's chances of being struck by lightning are very slender. The use of the preposition "after" in place of "of" is suggested as an improvement in that statement.

An eastern physician says that members of his profession can be bribed and that "they will do a lot for money." Here is a man who knows he has his price and does not wish to be selfish about it.

The Sultan says Turkey has books enough, for which reason he will not permit the publication of any more in that country. It will now be necessary for the Turkish poets to become captains of industry.

Emperor William says that when a German can look into the eyes of the empress he ought to have inspiration enough to last him a lifetime. How nice it must be for her if the emperor talks like that when company is not present.

Whenever the courts of this country shall administer justice with the same promptness, certainty, fearlessness and with as little regard for persons as is the case in the courts of England, after which ours were patterned, lynching will cease in the United States, but until then it will be a standing reproach to the people and their machinery of justice.

A Wilmington, Del. belle is "the most talked-about woman of that city," because she rode astride at the horse show. Woman indeed remains in barbaric bondage so long as she cannot do a sensible thing without being rendered conspicuous. Health, safety and good form all demand the abolishment of the awkward and antiquated side saddle. If riding is to increase with the release of the horse from carriage service, women everywhere ought to revolt against the barbaric prejudice which deprives them of the best enjoyment and best benefits of this noblest of exercises.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees Fahrenheit, at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher. That is why the Legislature has authorized the park authorities of New York City to plant trees in the tenement districts. If the air can be made cooler and purer by the trees fewer children will die of heat ailments. As 4,000 more children die in New York during June, July, August and September than in any other similar period in the year, the importance of adopting every known means to save life is undisputed.

Every town occasionally puts on a play for the edification of the public which is not announced on the billboards. A village in New York renders the following performance in which the Baptist preacher and a jealous young man play leading roles: The play opens at the church picnic. The minister, an unmarried man, is the vogue. Moreover, he is susceptible. Captured and cornered by the church organist, he discourses all the day long of love's young dream. And now the villain appears. The organist's steady company shows up. He behaves rudely and his wrath is as the wrath of Achilles. The next act is brief but tragic. It is on the following Sunday. The jealous lover lays for the preacher and wallows the ecclesiastic sorely. Then comes the curtain raiser in the police court with the villain in the dock. The populace, rent into opposing factions according to creed, fill and overflow the right and left wings of the stage. Here the telegraph instrument stopped. But it is easy to guess the sequel. Questioned by the judge, the prisoner glares at the minister and the organist and lowering his voice to the floor, huskily exclaims: "Not guilty!" Pursued by the inex-

orable law he goes to the calaboose rather than pay his fine while the minister and the organist marry and live happily ever after. The only default of the entire entertainment is to be found in the failure of the preacher to flail the jealous young son of Belial who attacked him.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier just prior to his recent departure to Europe spoke of the Alaskan boundary question as a serious danger to British and American relations and a "menace of open conflict." It need not become a menace, however, unless the British government seeks to make it such. It is Great Britain, not the United States, which in this instance is seeking to alter boundary lines. Briefly stated, the British contention is that the boundary of southeastern Alaska, instead of following a line ten marine leagues (thirty-four and one-half statute miles) from the coast-line proper, leaps from headland to headland at a distance of ten leagues from the outlying capes and promontories. Such a line would bring the British boundary much nearer the Pacific and would give Great Britain control of important estuaries and fiords leading to the sea. This claim, which was never advanced until 1898, is not supported either by the original treaties, by the maps and charts of cartographers or by any argument recognizable to reason. The United States possessions in this territory are precisely what the Russian possessions were prior to their purchase and the meaning of the original treaty negotiated between Russia and Great Britain in 1825 is unmistakable. It must be patent to the State Department that there can be no yielding of American rights on this point. The boundary question, it is said, is about to be brought up again for final negotiations. Whatever may be required to secure a common survey of the boundary and a friendly demarcation of the line with scientific accuracy should be done; but from the essential point at issue there can be no recession. The evidence in support of the American claim is overwhelming.

The great value of salt as an antiseptic and the fact that nature appears to have made it an essential ingredient in the food of nearly all animals have made the medical profession very hospitable toward new theories or discoveries regarding its therapeutic qualities. The doctors in fact are never unprepared for the announcement of some extraordinary cure effected by the use of this widely distributed compound. That pneumonia can be cured by pumping an 8 per cent sodium chloride solution at temperatures ranging from 120 to 130 degrees Fahrenheit into the lungs, however, naturally taxes the credulity of most physicians. This achievement was announced by Dr. W. Byron Coakley, of Chicago, in a paper read by him before the American Medical Association at the recent convention at Saratoga. That such a saline solution would be death to all bacteria and would also have an antiseptic effect upon diseased tissue will be readily conceded. It is a question of getting the solution into the lungs in such a way that the patient could stand the treatment. Dr. Coakley claims to have solved this problem by the use of an instrument invented by himself, which introduces the solution into the lungs through punctures made by a fine gold needle. After the salt solution destroys the bacteria and cools to the temperature of the body it is claimed that it is absorbed in the blood and does not clog up the lungs. In doing this it protects the red corpuscles against destruction by the poisons of pneumonia. Physicians are naturally skeptical regarding the effectiveness of this treatment, for the reason that in the attempts that have been made to wash out the lungs with salt solutions the patients have been unable to stand it. The demonstrations before the association at Saratoga, however, are claimed to have shown the Coakley method to be a success. If future tests should more firmly establish the effectiveness and practicability of his treatment Dr. Coakley will have scored a great advance in medical science and will have conferred a great boon upon humanity.

HOW THE SWORD-SWALLOWER SWALLOWS HIS SWORD.



The sword swallower really does swallow his sword, which rests inside him as shown in the cut. Long practice enables him to do his feat in safety. Sometimes a rubber tip is slipped on the sword's point before swallowing. Accompanying cut is from the Scientific American, and shows the position of a swallowed sword.

New Brand.
"Say," called the hardware drummer to the proprietor of the railway restaurant, "there is something wrong with this sandwich."

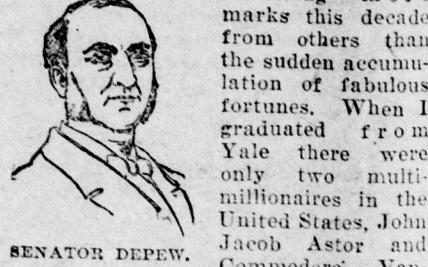
"Oh, I guess yes," said the traveler. "Why, the blamed thing is so soft I can actually bite a piece out of it without breaking my teeth."

No man ever realizes how much trash he owns until he moves.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FORTUNES OF THIS DECADE.

By Chauncey M. Depew.



Nothing more marks this decade from others than the sudden accumulation of fabulous fortunes. When I graduated from Yale there were only two multimillionaires in the United States, John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt. Neither of them at that period had reached the \$10,000,000 limit. There were not in the whole country twenty people worth a million dollars. To-day there are more than one hundred in Pittsburgh alone who have passed that figure.

These vast fortunes, themselves so conspicuous, so almost incomprehensible, are at present more matters of curiosity than of antagonism. Most of the possessors of them have shown a wise generosity in the distribution of their wealth. In no other country in the world, at no other time, have the rich from their abundance given so lavishly to education, philanthropy and patriotism. Last year the known sums which were thus contributed amounted to the high figure of \$167,300,000.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO SOCIETY.

By Mrs. Donald M'Lean.

The first duty of a woman to society is to make herself agreeable to those whom she does not consider to be in society. It is easy enough to be agreeable to one's friends. The test of breeding, of course, comes in one's attitude to one's inferiors and one's enemies—two classes which a woman, in considering her duty to society, is very likely in her own mind to exile from society. On the contrary, they are very important members of it. She ought to know this because they occupy so many of her thoughts.

WAS A ROSY-CHEEKED GIRL ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

This is a picture of Mrs. David B. Stamp, of Finchville, Orange County, N. Y. She is a little, old, almost forgotten woman, living in a little, old, almost forgotten town. You would scarcely believe to see her that she was an old woman as long ago as the outbreak of the Civil War; you would scarcely believe that one hundred years ago she was a plump, red-cheeked girl playing on the shores of the blue Hudson, and the prettiest girl at that, for many miles in all directions.

But that is exactly what she did do and what she was, and now as she sits among the gathering shadows of life's twilight, waiting for the night to fall, she can look backward across the century and say that the world with all its teeming millions has been born again since that far distant time when she was a little girl at play.



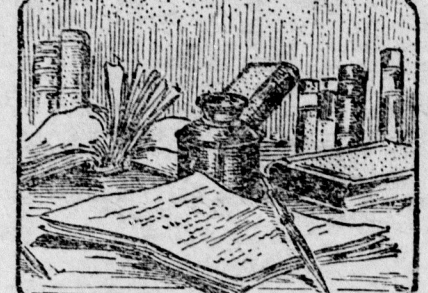
MRS. DAVID B. STAMP.

of the Hudson one hundred and eight years ago. She spent her girlhood there and saw the trial trip of Robert Fulton's first steamboat. She remembers when the country rang with the praises of General Washington. She remembers the day he died. She remembers the Marquis de Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, the war of 1812, and recalls most of the principal events that have taken place in her lifetime.

Mrs. Stamp spends most of her time at her spinning wheel, which, like herself, belongs to an almost forgotten time. Every garment that she wears, as well as nearly every piece of fabric in her humble home, is homespun goods, the work of her own hands.

The Prince and the Painter.

When King Edward was still Prince of Wales, he sat to Julian Story for his portrait. The Prince could give the painter but a short time, so Mr. Story worked at high pressure. A little incli-



own end. For the woman who wishes to be agreeable to society naturally wishes to make society believe in her. But when she snubs any one whom she considers beneath her she is giving ample proof that either she or her ancestors have not been used to the grade of society in which she finds herself; and that she is, therefore, not what she would have others believe.

The woman who has a right to the social position she occupies, and whose family for generations has been in the same position, will find it necessary to snub no one—neither those whom she meets socially and whom she does not consider her social equals, nor those in other walks of life with whom she is brought into casual contact.

Graciousness to her friends and to her servants, to her acquaintances and to every one asking a favor of her, to those who are gentlemen and to those who are not—that is the first rule of conduct for one who fulfills her duty to society by being agreeable.

The duty of making one's self agreeable to society means simply a woman's duty to let her best impulses rule her all the time. So this becomes a rule for general conduct as well as for social intercourse.

HOW TO CURB TRUSTS.

By James J. Hill.

The commercial expansion of a nation is the best index of its growth. Next to the Christian religion and the common schools no other single work enters into the welfare and happiness of the people of the whole country to the same extent as the railway. Great Britain has retained possession of the oriental trade for the reason that she furnishes the lowest rates of transportation to and from those countries. We are now preparing to challenge her for such share of this business as can be furnished by the manufacturers of the United States.

In a country as large as ours, carrying on enormous undertakings, large amounts of capital are necessary, and this capital can be more readily furnished by corporate ownership than in any other way. The only serious objection to so-called trusts has been the method of creating them for the purpose of selling shavings of printed securities which represent nothing more than good will and prospective profits to the promoters.

If it is the desire of the government to prevent the growth of such corporations, it has always seemed to me that a simple remedy was within its reach. Under the constitutional provision allowing Congress to regulate commerce between States all companies desiring to transact business outside of the State in which

they are incorporated should be held to a uniform provision of federal laws. They should satisfy a commission that their capital stock was actually paid up in cash or in property, at a fair valuation, just as the capital of the national bank is certified to be paid up. With that simple law the temptation to make companies for the purpose of selling prospective profits would be at an end. At the same time no legitimate business would suffer.

AMERICAN FARMERS FOR HAWAII.

By Robt. W. Wilcox, of Hawaii.

I am deeply interested in the bill providing for the division of government lands into homesteads for the farmers and middle classes, because at present we only have in Hawaii the very rich and the very poor—the poor being the laborers or coolies.

Out of the population of 100,000, nearly 90,000 are Asiatic, 60,000 being Japanese and 30,000 Chinese. There are also several thousand Porto Ricans, but they are undesirable, as they would rather lie in jail all of the time than go to work.

The land area of Hawaii is 4,000,000 acres. Of this area 2,000,000 acres are in the hands of seventy men engaged in sugar raising and cattle raising. The other 2,000,000 acres, which constitute the government lands, are rented and leased to the sugar corporations, the leases ranging from five to sixteen years.

These government lands I want divided up into homesteads to encourage American farmers to go to Hawaii. Instead of dividing the government lands into homesteads of 100 acres, as in the United States, the best lands could be divided into twenty-acre homesteads and the pastoral lands into eighty-acre homesteads, either of which would give the American farmer a fine homestead to support his family all the year round.

To give an idea of how fertile the best land is, the sugar corporations produce an average of ten tons of sugar to the acre. The rice planters produce two crops a year, aggregating between 5,000 and 6,000 pounds to the acre. The same land planted with taro, a plant akin to elephant's ears, which is the staple food of the natives, will produce somewhere between 40,000 and 50,000 pounds per acre, and it sells at one cent a pound.

MILITARISM VS. COMMERCIALISM.

By W. Bourke Cockran.

This nation has been a world power—a world power of surpassing value to the civilization of the world. It has assumed the primacy of civilization because from the very hour of its birth it has been devoted unswervingly to justice. I believe that this country is commercial, that this is a commercial age, that commercialism is predominant; but far from regretting, I glory in it.

The object of every war that was ever waged, at least in the old world, was plunder—that is to say, profit. Vanquished countries are despoiled more scientifically, but more successfully, by tribute. Militarism is the pursuit of profit by plunder; commercialism is the pursuit of profit by industry. No fortune, however great, but was produced by peaceful pursuits. America has given a shining lesson to all the world for the benefit of all ages. It has taught that the pathway to advantage is through honesty and justice and not through violence and plunder.

LOADING WHEAT BY ELECTRICITY.



Behold the electric sterver! It suffereth not from fatigue and it quitteth not even at the lunch hour, and yet it loads wheat upon a vessel in a style far beyond the possibilities of human hands. Just watch it, if you please. The sacks of grain come aboard by a sort of trolley and are dumped into the hold at the rate of one every two seconds. It is, in fact, the latest achievement of electricity as applied for power purposes. The picture is from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture.

dent given on the authority of the London Chronicle exhibits the manly sympathy of the present sovereign of England.

While the Prince walked back and forth at intervals to rest, the painter worked at the background, never putting down his palette. The result was that his thumb went to sleep. Toward the end of the sitting the painter was pulling his thumb to get the blood into circulation, when his royal sitter saw and sympathized.

The next day, when the Prince came for a second sitting, he said: "I didn't sleep very well last night, and I thought of you. I was worrying about your palette. Couldn't you have the thumb-hole padded?"

Frivolous Caution.
One of the pleasant incidents connected with the celebration of Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday was the reprinting of "The Man Without a Country," which helped to make him famous. Dr. Hale wrote a preface for the book, and told not only how he came to write it, but of the way in which one well-laid plan came to naught.

When the story was published in the Atlantic Monthly the utmost secrecy was used in carrying it through the press. The proofs were not sent to the author; they were given to the editor, Mr. Fields, who forwarded them to Mr. Hale. It was desirable that the story should stand in the name of Captain Frederic Ingham, of the navy, who purported to tell it. Unfortunately it happened to be published in the December number, which was then the index number of the Atlantic. The person who made the index knew from Mr. Hale's handwriting that he had been the author of the story; and so, in spite of every precaution, the index at the end of the volume told the authorship.

Long-Felt Want.
Green—Congratulate me, old man! My fortune is made.

Brown—Come on with the explanation.

Green—I have discovered a new kind of cloth for cheap clothing that will fade alike all over.

Somebody ought to protest in vigorous fashion against the foolish habit of pounding tin pans around a man's house when he gets married.

The water invariably escapes when it is only half tide.



Heredity: "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

Youngman—I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you? Henpeck—Marry her.—Philadelphia Press.

Dawson—Bjorks is a great believer in fate, isn't he? Lawson—Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something.—Savannah Daily.

An Insultation. Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation. Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Eastside—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No, I think not; I have only worn it at a few smart affairs this season.—Town and Country.

"It says here, Samantha, that Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic. Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they git away from hum."—Judge.

Arthur—Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart. Harry—A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more.—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (latey come to parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish. Farmer—Ah, ye needn't mind 'im, sir; e's a mouth-piece for other folks.—Tit-Bits.

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you. Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied wit' somebody else!—Puck.

Inducements Held Out. Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Show. "What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y'r honor," said the bear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You wouldn't mind saying this over again to-morrow, would you, dearie? I am a member of the M. P. D. C. Club. "Why, what does that mean?" "Moonlight proposals don't count."—Life.

Convincing Proof: May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals. Maud—How did you come to find it out? May—He proposed to me.—Bazar.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Sure Test: "How can you tell real cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Mr. Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents, don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer (in cart)—Hi, stop! Stop, you fool! Don't you see my horse is running away? Driver of motor car (hired by the hour)—Yes, it's all very well for you to say "stop," but I've forgotten how the blooming thing works!—Punch.

Bobbie—You know them preserves out in th' pantry wot you told me not to eat? Mother—Yes, Bobbie—you know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you? Mother—Yes, Bobbie—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

"Belinda, your brother Georgie tells me that you were sitting on that little Mr. Thomkins' knees last evening. Is it true?" "Yes, papa; but I'm sure you will forgive me. It was just one of those little moral lapses, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Haddock—I met poor old Ruyns creeping towards his office to-day, and he complained bitterly of being all run down this spring. Juddock (defensively)—Well, confound him, he had no business getting in front of an automobile.—Harper's Bazar.

The Floor Walker: First Clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place. Second Clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor walker. First Clerk—You don't say so? Second Clerk—Yes; he's got a new baby.—Judge.

Mr. Williams (Fanny's admirer)—Is your slat going to the seaside this summer, Tommy? Tommy—That all depends on you. I heard ma say if you and Fanny were engaged before the season opened, there wouldn't be any sense in her going.—Stray Stories.

The Kind That Get Away: "That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't want it if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Saw No Reason For Swearing.

General Grant was asked why he never swore. He replied: "Well, when a boy I had an aversion to swearing. It seemed useless, an unnecessary habit, and besides I saw that swearing usually aroused a man's anger. I early had a desire to have complete command of myself. I noticed when a man got angry his opponent always got the better of him. On that account also I determined to refrain from swearing. Then the swearing men of my acquaintance when a boy were not the best men I knew. I never saw any reasons for swearing. All were against it."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$9 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In middle life prepare for old age.

San Flower Rye, the best family whiskey. Spruance Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Debts—money owed by other people.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50c a bottle.

Have you no appetite? Then take Gilt Edge Whiskey—Bourbon or Rye, as an appetizer and enjoy your food. Sold everywhere. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

Ten ordinary sized eggs weigh one pound.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, itching feet. At all druggists. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

White coats are no shield against the gaze of God.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

One quart of sifted flour, well heaped, weighs one pound.

Does Your Wife Suffer?

Ladies suffer terribly from constipation, sick headaches, nervousness, etc. Cascarets give quick relief. Keep a box handy. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Carlan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

What to know—One trade well.

Prof. A. Van der Naellen, president of the School of Engineering of 113 Fulton Street, San Francisco, who is at present in Europe on his annual scientific tour, has just been highly honored by being appointed honorary and corresponding member for the Pacific Coast of the association of former graduates of the University of Liege, Belgium, in the higher technical branches of post-graduate university education.

OLD INDIAN WAR PENSIONS.

Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and to the widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian Wars of 1847 to 1856. Full information will be sent by Byington & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or Branch Office, No. 442 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal. Fees limited by law.

A good idea—Ours.

SLICKERS?

WHY TOWER'S FISH BRAND COURSE!

THE STANDARD BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

Made in black or yellow of the best materials and sold with our warrant by reliable dealers everywhere.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1856.

How to succeed—Keep trying.

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."

W. D. Quinn, Marselles, Ill.

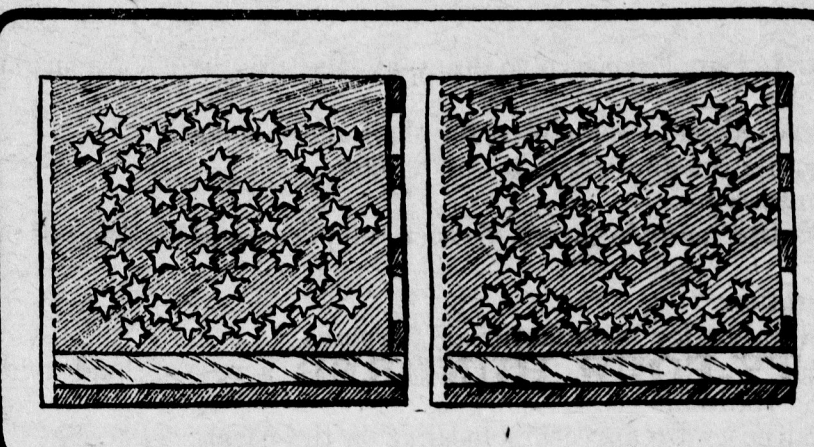
One thing is certain, Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

STARS OF OUR FLAG

The New Arrangement Is Commemorative of Many Great Historical Events....



NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE STARS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE lack of symmetry and historical significance in the arrangement of the stars on the blue field of the American flag has for years been a subject of comment among observing patriots. Many men have given much time to a plan of placing the stars in some design which would appeal to the people of the country, but all have failed in evolving anything satisfactory until the design which J. R. Stahlnecker of Silverton, Colo., has worked out was submitted to Congress. Mr. Stahlnecker's plan is pictured above. He worked on the idea fourteen years before he was satisfied with it. The work has required more thought and study than would appear necessary at first to most people. But it was no easy matter to take a given number of stars and get out a design which would commemorate the great events in the history of the country and yet attain an artistic and symmetrical effect.

In Mr. Stahlnecker's plan, the center group of thirteen stars represents the thirteen original States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Around this group, in a circle, are twenty-three stars which represent the States which were admitted between that time and the close of the Civil War, the group of thirteen and circle of twenty-three together representing the great seal of the United States. These three great features are to be unchanged by any following events. The first event brought the flag into existence, the second made the life of the nation more secure, and the great seal is indissolubly connected with both.

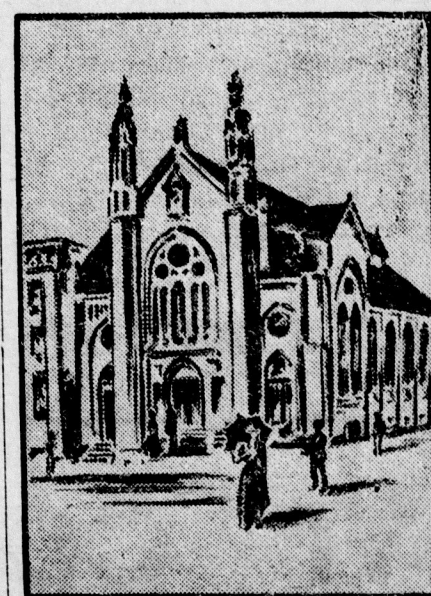
The stars outside the circle of twenty-three represent the States which were admitted between the close of the Civil War and the Spanish-American war. This places two in each of the four corners and one midway on each side, the design as a whole representing the union of States as they are at the present day. As New Mexico, Arizona, Indian Territory and Oklahoma come in, their stars may be placed in the extreme corners. Then, if Hawaii and Alaska are in time, also admitted, their stars may be placed midway on each side of the field, making an outside ring which, with those recently admitted and with the four territories which ask admittance, will inclose all the rest, making the whole design beautiful, historical, symbolical and symmetrical.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHURCH AND ITS PASTOR, REV. DR. SCHICK

THE new Grace Reformed Church, now in process of construction, will be finished about Dec. 1, at which time it is expected that President Roosevelt will have returned to Washington for the resumption of his strenuous duties as the head of the American nation. This is the church in which the President worships, and it was he who laid the corner stone of the new building on July 1. The new edifice will be of Gothic design, the material of Cleveland Lower Canon gray stone, and the auditorium will have a seating capacity of about 600. The newspapers always refer to this little church as the Dutch Reformed, but, according to the pastor, Rev. John M. Schick, this title is erroneous. He says this church is properly described by the term "Grace Reformed," and that if it have any national origin at all it is German rather than Dutch. It is a differentiation from the Lutheran churches in that its underlying spirit is republicanism, whereas that of the Lutheran churches is monarchic. Dr. Schick is a pleasant



gentleman, rather under than over the medium height, and possesses the serenity which learning and experience give to the professional man. He is now an intimate of the Roosevelt family and is often a guest at the Sunday night suppers in the White House, to which the President loves to invite those who are especially congenial with him in their views of life and work.



GRACE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Matitsch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is a moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Matitsch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1890. It was then necessary to make the jacquards for each pattern that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Matitsch machine it is only necessary to substitute one jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly \$100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and say that the Matitsch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

Strategic Slang.

The enemies of slang—and we are all its enemies on occasion—will have to confess that it sometimes has value, if only to conceal thought. Harper's Weekly is authority for a story in which a single slang word was the means of accomplishing important results.

When Lieutenant Gilmore's party was captured and sent into northern Luzon by the Filipinos, the prisoners were all condemned to death. Some were murdered, and the rest of the party was abandoned in the jungle, be-

ing, in the opinion of the Filipino leader, too far gone to be worth killing.

They were eventually rescued; but before they were finally condemned their captors compelled them to sign a document declaring that they were being well treated, and had no reason to complain of their lot.

The men signed first, and then the paper, written in Spanish, was taken to Lieutenant Gilmore for his signature. He read it, and understood its purport. Similar papers, signed by American soldiers and evidently forced from them by the wily Filipinos, had been circulated before. Lieutenant Gilmore took the document with the remark that he would "O. K." the men's signatures. Then he wrote the word "nit" after each man's name.

The Filipinos thought this was the American way of giving official approval, and were satisfied. When, a long time after the men were rescued, the paper got back to civilization and the Filipinos tried to make an impression with it, they found that something was wrong.

Honest Tenant.

The father of Earl Fitzwilliam, who died recently, was an excellent landlord. A London paper relates how once a farmer went to him with the complaint that the Earl's fox hunters had ruined a field of corn, or, as we should call it, wheat.

The Earl gave the man fifty pounds in payment for damage. After harvest time the farmer returned the money, saying that the wheat had turned out well, after all.

Earl Fitzwilliam drew a check for one hundred pounds and gave it to his tenant. "This is as things should be between man and man," said he. "When your eldest son comes of age, give him this, and tell him how and why you got it."

He Served Two Masters. Husband—Hurray! My employer has given me a week's vacation.

Wife—How nice! Now you can take down the stoves, clean out the cellar and whitewash the kitchen.—Chicago News.

Most good doctors are homely.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—

Like Begets Like. driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life can be traced to blood poison contracted in early

The Sin of the Parent. life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Russian Police Regulations.

One of the regulations of the Russian police refers to the censorship of price lists of goods, notes of invitation to parties and personal visiting cards; also for the censorship of seals, rubber stamps and business cards of individuals or corporations. Another order regulates the sale of soap, starch, toothbrushes and insect powder, and another controls the printing on the paper used in making cigarettes.

Honesty.

If honesty is the best policy in business, it is also the best policy when one has done wrong and is confronted with the question whether he shall confess everything frankly or make excuses. A transparent excuse is worse than none at all.

A Unique Home.

In Sweden and Norway there are several homes for spinsters. One of these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is a monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than 200 years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished and managed by salaried trustees. It flourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission to the home. She is given a suit of rooms, a servant, private meals and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

Music's Power.

Grimes—Yes, I'm fond of music. There's Tinnerman, for instance—Brady—You don't call his horn blowing music?

Grimes—It has been very enjoyable to me. I got Tinnerman to keep at it night and day, and the result was that I bought the house next door for a thousand dollars less than the man who lived in it asked a week or two before.—Boston Transcript.

Two Sinners.

"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one.

"Then we're both sinner, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie.

"Both! What do you mean?" "Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."—Ohio State Journal.

A Money Saver.

"But you are taking considerable risk in letting your young men owe two or three weeks' board."

"Yes, there is some risk," answered the boarding house keeper. "But then, you see, they worry over it so that they lose their appetites, so I save money in the long run."

Absentminded.

A professor of one of the universities is famous for his absentmindedness. He recently went into a barber's shop to get his hair cut. Taking a seat in the chair, he remarked:

"As it is quite cool in this room perhaps I had better keep my hat on while you cut my hair."

To be tricky and shrewd, that is not culture nor is it joy; but to be square and frank, that is culture, and it is happiness.—Schoolmaster.

PELVIC CATARRH

Causes Palpitation of the Heart, Cold Hands and Feet, Sinking Feelings—Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.



Mrs. X. Schneider, 2409 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1901, to take your valuable remedy, Peru-na. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. I have already recommended Peru-na to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Borrow as little as possible from your neighbors. It is not nice to be under obligations to everybody. Then, again, borrowing is a habit, and you can quit it if you try.

Young people, wherever you are, beware of flattery. Your danger in life is not coming from those who seek to abuse you. Look for it from the person who flatters you while he shears you.

Get Hume's history and read how the English people lived in the time of Elizabeth and you will see how we are moving on. The average home of that day was little better than a pig-pen.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-goods" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

You should not be allowed to become a parent until you have studied human temperaments for one month at least. Children are not all the same, just like the fence posts.

The best way is to live so you do not have to appear good to make yourself believe you are.

\$60.00

Will pay for a

Complete Business Education at the
SAN FRANCISCO Business College.

300 pupils placed in positions each year.

1230 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Stop It

The KEELEY treatment permanently cures all liquor and drug addictions.

Endorsed by U. S. Government. Printed matter free.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
4170 Market Street, Donohoe Building
SAN FRANCISCO

You are rich if you have health and all the members of your body, no matter how small your "purse" is. Think of those who go through life deprived of limbs or their special sense. Then be ashamed to be unhappy because you are poor.

You must mix equal parts of business and pleasure in your loaf of life. All business brings a sour taste.

Gasoline Engines

AT A BARGAIN!

One 70 horse-power
With or without Pump.

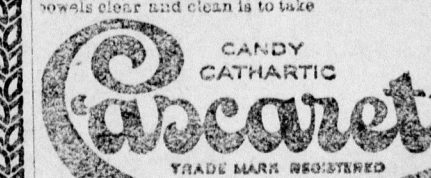
One 35 horse-power
With or without Hoist.

Apply to
AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS CO.

405-407 Sansome Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

You haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The most potent, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



CANDY CATHARTIC

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For four sample and booklet on health, address: Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, etc.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

RELIABLE ASSAYS
Gold, 50c; Lead, 25c; Gold & Silver, 75c; Gold, Silver & Copper, \$1.00. Prompt returns on mail samples.

ODDEN ASSAY CO., 1429 16TH ST., DENVER, CO.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. U. No. 33, 1902

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

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Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.